

extravagance, and there are those who have pledged themselves not to send gifts to funerals, except money, and those persons have also declined, in the event of death entering their own households to send gifts in response to the courtesies of friends.

So wedded are the Japanese to present-giving, that they have an intense dislike for anything like trade or barter, and accordingly in Japan a present of money is considered more honorable than a simple payment of the same.

Present giving culminates at the close of the year, and on New Year's day there is a grand general interchange of gifts. The capricious goddess, Fortune, must be wooed, if ever, upon New Year's day, so merchants carefully shut the doors of their storehouses, lest she depart, and refrain from sweeping their floors upon that day, lest good luck be also swept away.

New Year's day is not the only great festival for gifts. There is a similar festival in July, beginning July 10th, and lasting three days. During this period, all the spirits of the dead are supposed to return and walk the earth, and gifts are exchanged in honor thereof.

The most rigid etiquette prevails not only as to the nature of gifts and the correct time for sending them, but certain rules of preparation must be strictly followed, if one desires a gift to be acceptable. All presents must be suitably wrapped in white papers and there must be something appropriate written upon the paper, except in the case of gifts designed for a funeral. There is a regulation red and white paper string with which every package containing a present must be tied, and in this string is inserted the *noshi*, which is deemed an indispensable accompaniment of every present. The *noshi*, which is a bit of dried fish, must also be daintily folded, but for this purpose a piece of pretty colored paper is required.—*Elizabeth E. Backup.*

A SOFTENED HEART

Little Dick—Mamma, may I go and play with Robby Upton and stay there to dinner if they ask me?

Mamma—I thought you didn't like Robby Upton?

"I didn't, but as I passed his house just now my heart softened toward him."

"Did he look lonely?"

"No'm, he looked happy."

"What about?"

"He said his mother was makin' apple dumplin's."—*Good News.*

HEAVEN is being with Christ, and to be with Christ is heaven.—*Mrs. Prentiss.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Has any one seen Emily Allen lately?" The High School teacher asked the question of one of the morning classes.

"I haven't," came in answer from one pupil.

"Do any of you know where she lives?" asked the teacher. "She has not been here for two weeks."

"I hadn't noticed that Emily Allen wasn't here," said Jessie Crofts, as the girls gathered at the noon recess.

"I hadn't either," said Bertha Hill. "And it seems a shame—doesn't it?—that we who have sat with her in class day after day for months should have let her drop out without even a thought of her."

"We can't keep track of everybody," said a dressy-looking girl, with a shrug of her shoulder. "And especially of that kind of persons."

"What kind of persons?" asked Ellen Wells, with a twinkle in her dark eyes. "You don't mean the kind of persons who lie and steal, do you?"

"Of course I don't," said Elsie, a little annoyed at seeing the other girls on the alert.

"Well, then, the kind who don't care for the things that we care for—books and pictures and music, and such?"

"No. You know what I mean as well as I do," said Elsie, angrily. "I mean—people that are out of our station in life—and——"—*Sydney Dayre.*

DON'T BE COWARDS.

"I won't tell a lie! I won't be such a coward!" said a fine little fellow when he had broken a little statuette of his father's in showing it to his playmates, and they were telling him how he could deceive his father, and escape a scolding. He was right. So was Charlie Mann right and he was rewarded for it, as the following story will show:

A young offender whose name was Charlie Mann, smashed a large pane of glass in a chemist's shop, and ran away at first; but he quickly thought, "Why am I running? It was an accident. Why not tell the truth?"

No sooner thought than done. Charlie was a brave boy. He told the whole truth; how the ball with which he was playing slipped out of his hand, how frightened he was, how sorry, too, at the mischief done, and how willing to pay if he had the money.

Charlie did not have the money but he could work, and to work he went at once in the very shop where he broke the glass. It took him a long time to pay for the large and expensive pane he had shattered; but when he was done he had endear-

ed himself so much to the shopkeeper by his fidelity and truthfulness that he could not hear of his going away, and Charlie became his partner.

"Ah, what a lucky day that was when I broke that window," he used to say.

"Charlie," his mother would respond, "what a lucky day it was when you were not afraid to tell the truth." "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are his delight."—*The Ensign.*

TEDDY'S STORE.

"Dear me!" said Teddy's mother, as she was dressing the baby one morning; "I can't find a pin anywhere, and I never can remember to buy any when I'm down town."

"If you'll make me a big pitcher of lemonade, with ice in it," said Teddy, "I'll get you all the pins you can use in the next month."

"How?" asked his mother.

"By keeping store," answered Teddy.

His mother laughed; but she made the lemonade, and Teddy carried it out to a tent in the grove back of his father's house. Then he asked Len Dale, a big boy, who knew how to write, to put

"LEMONADE!

TEN PINS A GLASS,"

on a sheet of paper. This was fastened on the tent, and in less than ten minutes all the children in the neighborhood were around the little store with pins in their hands.

The day was very warm, and the lemonade was so good that Teddy was kept busy waiting on his customers, and the pitcher was soon empty. Teddy had it filled again, and when it was empty the second time, took down his sign and closed his store.

He carried to his mother all the pins he had earned, and, sure enough, there were so many that they lasted a whole month.—*Florence B. Hallowell.*

I REMEMBER hearing years ago of an old merchant who, on his death-bed, divided the results of long years of labor amongst his sons. "It's little enough, my boys," were his last words, "but there isn't a dirty shilling in the whole of it." His ideal had not been to make money; but to keep clean hands.—*Thomas Hughes.*

THE preacher who is too "touchy" to accept friendly criticism will be likely to get that which is unfriendly. Self-assumed infallibility provokes protest.—*North-
rn Christian Advocate.*